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SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF

CLIVE BARKER

HOKUM & HEX



DIRECT EDITION



OBI

THERE ARE MONSTERS
IN MANHATTAN.

RAPISTS, MURKERS,
NURMES, ADULTICANS...

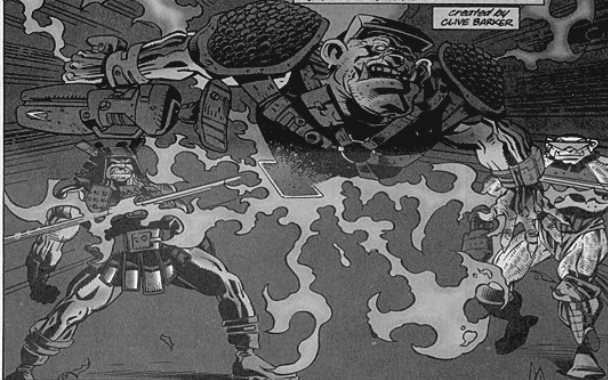
...ELITE CORPH WARRIORS
FROM AN OTHER WORLDLY
NIGHTMARE CALLED THE
HOOBTS...

IT'S ALWAYS
SOMETHING.

STRANGE Angels

A TALE OF THE BARKERVERSE

CREATED BY
CLIVE BARKER



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SOME ARE AS SOFT AS THE DREAMS OF KITTENS. THEY GENERALLY DON'T SURVIVE.

THE ONES WHO DO EITHER MOUNT A SUIT OF ARMOR AROUND THEIR HEARTS, OR ELSE UNPLUG THEIR HEARTS ENTIRELY.

DON'T SAY A WORD! JUST LISTEN! I'VE HAD IT! I'M LEAVING!

ANTINETTE COWEN DOES BOTH.

I CAN'T STAND THIS ANYMORE! YOU'RE A LOSER. YOUR CAREER'S GOING NOWHERE.

I TOOK A CHANCE ON YOU, TRIP... AND WASTED A YEAR OF MY LIFE!

GO ON-- TAKE A GOOD, LONG LAST LOOK... BECAUSE YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!

WHEN WE FIRST GOT TOGETHER, I THOUGHT, 'GREAT! A STAND-UP COMEDY! I'LL ALWAYS LAUGH!'

LET ME TELL YOU, I HAD MORE LAUGHS AT MY PARENTS' WAKE!

I'M TIRED OF YOUR PUPPY-DOG WAYS... YOUR STUPID PUNS. LET'S FACE IT-- I'M TIRED OF YOU.

YOU TURNED OUT TO BE ONE OF THOSE 'NICE' GUYS. YOU KNOW HOW BORING THAT IS?

WELL... ANYWAY... THAT'S ALL BEHIND ME NOW.

I'M GOING TO GO DANCE ON TOUR. I'M LEAVING YOU. GOODBYE.

KLIK

BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY... JERK.



TRIP!
WAIT UP!

LOOK, WE ALL HAVE
BAD NIGHTS ON STAGE!
THAT WAS A TOUGH
CROWD!

AND I REALLY DON'T
THINK LETTERMAN
SHOULD'VE NEGLED YOU.

NO, HE WAS
RIGHT,
MONA LISA--
I STANK.

I KNOW
WHY, I'M NOT
FUNNY.

YOU LIVE WITH,
EXCUSE THE EXPRES-
SION, A BLOND
BIMBO
SHOWGIRL--

OKAY, SO YOU STANK.
NO OFFENSE, TRIP,
BUT YOU WANNA KNOW WHY?

BESIDES THAT,
IT'S ANTOINETTE!



-- AND YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE
MAINTENANCE! SHE'S A FERRARI
TESTAROSA, AND YOU'RE A VALUO
KINDA GUY!

THAT'D KILL
MY SENSE'A
HUMOR.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
LISE.

ANTOINETTE AND I... WE'RE
SOUL MATES. SURE, WE HAVE
OUR PROBLEMS-- BUT I CAN'T
IMAGINE LIFE WITHOUT HER.



OH GAG ME SO-- YOU'RE
STILL SELLING YOUR
GRANDFATHER'S
OLD STAGE MAGIC
STUFF?

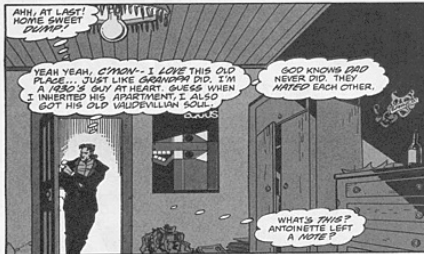
I HAVE
TO. I'M
BROKE.
AND DEPRESSED.
Y'KNOW, I
WENT TO THE
TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING TODAY AND JUST...
THREW AWAY GRANDPA'S
OLD TAROT CARDS.

IT WAS
EITHER
THEM
OR ME.

FUNNY-- YOU SHOULD
USE THAT IN YOUR ACT.
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW,
PAL. LOVE YA.



GOD
BLESS YA,
BUDDY.



AHH, AT LAST!
HOME SWEET
DUMP!

YEAH YEAH, C'MON-- I LOVE THIS OLD
PLACE... JUST LIKE GRANDPA DID. I'M
A 1930'S GUY AT HEART. GUESS WHEN
I INHERITED HIS APARTMENT, I ALSO
GOT HIS OLD VAUDEVILLIAN SOUL.

GOD KNOWS DAD
NEVER DID. THEY
HATED EACH OTHER.

WHAT'S THIS?
ANTOINETTE LEFT
A NOTE?



"PLAY THE TAPE NEAR THE
VCR"? WHAT'S THIS
ABOUT?













I'M GONNA
THROW UP!

AIR! GET
SOME
AIR!

WHAT WERE
THEY SAYING?
THAT I'M TRANS-
FORMING THINGS?
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

OH MY GOD!
I'VE TRANSFORMED
THE FREAKING
STREET!

THE STREET IN
FRONT OF MY
PLACE!

IT'S ALL
TURNED
1930s!

OH GOD!
OH MY
GOD!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
HERE?!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?!!

NO! THIS IS 1993, NOT 1930!
IT'S ALL IN MY MIND!

OH, THERE
WHERE IT'S
ALWAYS
BEEN, BUT
I THOUGHT
I SAW...?

ANTOINETTE'S
TAPE! PLAY IT!
THAT'S REAL!
IT EXISTS!

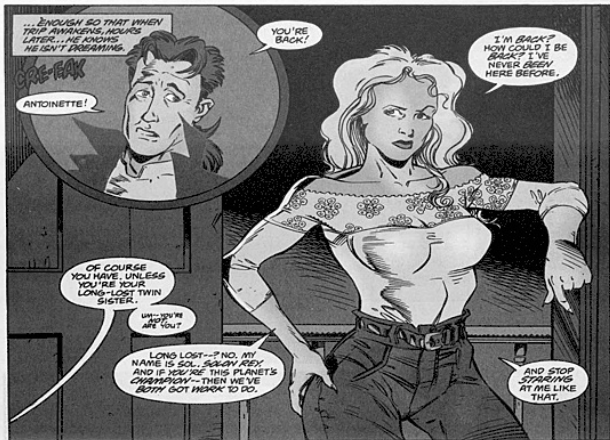
WHERE IS
THAT VCR??

STOP IT! STOP
HALLUCINATING!
PLAY THE
TAPE!

DON'T SAY A WORD!
JUST LISTEN! I'VE
HAD IT! I'M
LEAVING!

... OH
... OH
... OH





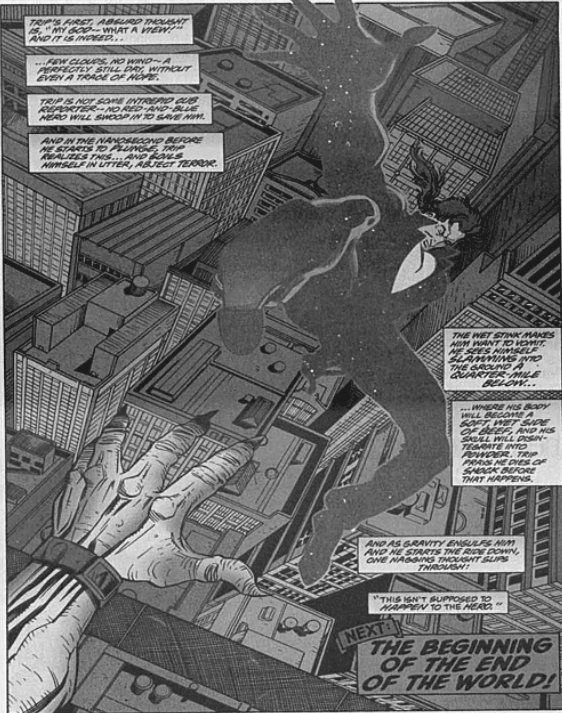










A black and white comic book panel showing a man in a dark suit falling from a high-rise building. He is falling over a dense cityscape with many skyscrapers. A large, pale hand is visible in the bottom left corner, reaching up towards the falling man. The man's expression is one of terror. Several text boxes are overlaid on the scene.

TRIP'S FIRST, ABSURD THOUGHT IS, "MY GOD--WHAT A VIEW!" AND IT IS INFECTED...

...FEW CLOUDS, NO WIND--A PERFECTLY STILL DAY, WITHOUT EVEN A TRACE OF HOPE.

TRIP IS NOT SOME INTREPID CLUB REPORTER--NO RED-AND-BLUE HERO WILL SHOOP IN TO SAVE HIM.

AND IN THE NANOSECOND BEFORE HE STARTS TO FLUNGE, TRIP REALIZES THIS... AND BOWLS HIMSELF IN UTTER, ABJECT TERROR.

THE WET STINK MAKES HIM WANT TO VOMIT. HE REELS HIMSELF SLAMMING INTO THE GROUND A QUARTER-MILE BELOW...

...WHERE HIS BODY WILL BECOME A SOFT, WET SLAB OF BEEF, AND HIS SKULL WILL DISINTEGRATE INTO POWDER. TRIP PRAYS HE DIES OF SMACK BEFORE THAT HAPPENS.

AND AS GRAVITY ENSLAVES HIM, AND HE STARTS THE RIDE DOWN, ONE NAGGING THOUGHT SLIPS THROUGH:

"THIS ISN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN TO THE HERO."

NEXT:
THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE WORLD!